

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

totally worth it

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Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Cuddling, Gen, M/M, Platonic Romance, pure fluff

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Bill Denbrough's Parents, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Richie Tozier

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

bill and richie plan a study session, but things don't really go as planned.

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Author's Note:

whether you ship them platonically or romantically, i think there just isn't enough bichie in the world. i tried to keep it as ambiguous as possible. hope you enjoy!!

When Bill called and asked him to come over, Richie couldn't have been happier. Sure, it was technically meant to be a study session, but it beat sitting in his room by himself all damn day, trying to teach himself guitar and inevitably getting yelled at by his mother to quiet down.

"Mom, I'm going to Bill's," he called after hanging up the phone. He'd told Bill he'd be over in ten minutes, not bothering to ask if he was allowed or not.

"Okay!" came her disinterested reply. Not even a 'be careful!' or a 'will you be home for dinner?' or an 'I love you!'. Just okay.

He sighed, pulling on his sneakers and running out the front door, hopping on his bike.

Just his luck, not even two blocks away from his house, he spotted Bowers and his gang driving down the road, and they spotted him before it was too late. Though he pedalled as fast as he could, the eventually caught up to him.

He'd taken worse beatings from them before, but this time, his glasses broke, which he was not looking forward to explaining to his mother. With his cheek stinging and scraped up knees, Richie walked alongside his bike the rest of the way to Bill's house, the two halves of his glasses stuffed his pocket as he squinted to see.

Bill had been waiting out on the porch for him, and shot to his feet with a smile when he saw Richie approaching, before registering his dishevelled state.

“R..Richie, where are your g..glasses?” he asked, hopping down the steps and practically rushing towards him. “And your ch..cheek! Are you okay?”

Richie pulled his broken glasses from his pocket, letting his bike flop onto it's side in the grass. “Bowers,” he replied shortly.

Bill had an angry fire in his eyes, but his gaze softened as he put a hand on Richie's bruised cheek softly. “Here, come upstairs. We'll tapw up your g..glasses and I'll get you some b..bandaids. Oh, you can borrow some cl..clothes too; you're all covered in d..dirt.”

Richie smiled a little, grateful. He followed Bill inside, touching the walls to try and walk normally without his glasses on. Man, his eyesight really fucking sucked.

He sat on Bill's bed while Bill taped his glasses together, fiddling with the sleeves of the hoodie he'd borrowed. It was far too big on him, falling almost to his knees and engulfing his small frame like a maternity dress. It was soft though, and warm too, and it smelled like Bill.

“H..here you go,” Bill said, smiling. “I did the be..best I could.”

Richie took his glasses, pushing them up his nose and blinking as he adjusted to being able to see again. “Thanks, Big Bill.”

Studying had quickly been forgotten as they sat on the bed together, Bill placing bandaids over the scrapes on Richie's knees softly. Richie could have done it himself, but Bill had just done it of his own accord. Maybe it was the big-brother instinct in him, or the leadership qualities he possessed. Either way, Richie thought it was a sweet gesture.

“W..when are your parents expecting you home?”

Richie shrugged. “They didn't ask.”

“Oh. Well, I'm sure my p..parents wouldn't mind if you stayed the night. I mean, if you w..want.”

Richie's face lit up. “Really? Are you sure? I don't wanna be an

inconvenience or anything-”

“You’re not,” Bill replied quickly.

“Thanks. I just...I really don’t wanna go home right now,” he admitted quietly, playing with the drawstrings on the sweatshirt.

“I’m sure by t..tomorrow you’ll find an excuse to tell your p..parents...”

“It’s not that,” Richie said. He took a deep breath. “I don’t know if they’ll even notice. Or care. And if they do notice and care, I’ll be the one who gets in trouble even though I didn’t do anything wrong.”

Bill knew vaguely of Richie’s home life, but it was a topic his friend seemed to avoid like Eddie avoided anything bacteria-ridden.

“I’m s..sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s not your fault.”

Richie called his mom to say he was spending the night, so she wouldn’t worry. Not that he thought she would. He considered not even calling, to see if she’d even notice if he came home or not. But that was cruel. Plus, he wasn’t sure if he wanted to know the answer.

Bill’s parents seemed delighted to have him, whether it was an act or not, it made him smile. He put on his best behavior for them, and Bill almost laughed out loud at the sight of Richie being quiet and still and polite.

They wound up back in Bill’s bedroom, actually studying this time. Richie didn’t usually have the patience to tutor the other losers, but it was sort of repayment for everything Bill had done for him that day.

Richie wrote him up practice problems for math and watched him poke his tongue out of his mouth and furrow his brows in concentration as he solved them.

He looked cute when he was focused. Actually, scratch that, he looked cute all the time.

There was only so much time you could spend doing algebra before you got bored and tired, so they gave up after about an hour.

Bill never made his friends sleep on the floor at sleepovers. Even when it was all seven of the losers, Bill would sacrifice his bed and provide as many pillows, blankets, and couch cushions as he could to make sure they were all comfortable.

But this time, it was just the two of them, and they could fit beside each other in Bill's twin sized bed easily.

It wasn't uncommon for them to be found in this position. Richie shamelessly snuggled up to Bill's side, humming happily and shutting his eyes as Bill's hand immediately went to play with his curls.

"T..thanks for coming over," Bill whispered.

"Any time," Richie muttered back.

"I just f..feel bad. If I hadn't asked you to come over, you wouldn't gotten be..beat up."

"Shut up," Richie replied immediately. "It's not your fault."

"I know. I still feel bad th..though."

"Well, don't."

Richie's eyes were still shut, so he didn't see it coming when Bill pressed his lips softly against his bruised cheek. Color instantly rushed to his freckled face, a shy giggle slipping out between his lips.

"Thanks," he said, opening his eyes and offering Bill a grin.

Bill smiled right back.

They fell asleep like that; Richie's head on Bill's chest, Bill's fingers tangled in his hair, their legs intertwined beneath the blanket.

Richie figured it was almost worth the beating from Bowers to end up in that position.

When he woke up to Bill tickling his sides and pressing another kiss to his cheek, the bruise now already fading, he decided that yeah, it was totally worth it.

Author's Note:

thanks for reading, hope you enjoyed!

feedback is always appreciated!!

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